

# WINE

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A

# POEM.

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*Nalla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt,  
Quæ Scribuntur aquæ potoribus.*

Epist. 19. Lib. 1 Hor.

L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by H. Hills, in Black-Fryars,  
near the Water-side. 1708.

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P O F M.

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LONDON:  
Printed and Sold by A. Ellis, in Black-Street,  
near the Water-Works, 1708.



## W I N E

## P O E M.

**O**F Happiness Terrestrial, and the Source  
 Whence human Pleasures flow, sing *Heavenly Muse*.  
 Of sparkling juices, of th' enliv'ning Grape,  
 Whose quickning Taste adds Vigour to the Soul,  
 Whose Sov'raign pow'r revives decaying Nature,  
 And thaws the frozen Blood of Hoary Age

'A kindly warmth diffusing, Youthful fires  
 Gild his dim Eyes, and paint with ruddy hue  
 His Wrizzled Visage, ghastly wan before :  
 Cordial restorative to mortal Man  
 With copious Hand by bounteous Gods bestow'd.

*Bacchus* Divine, aid my adventurous Song,  
 That with no middle flight intends to soar.  
 Inspir'd, Sublime on *Pegasean* Wing  
 By thee upborn, I draw *Miltonic* Air.

When fummy Vapours clog our loaded Brows  
 With furrow'd Frowns, when stupid downcast Eyes  
 Th' external Symptoms of remorse within,  
 Our Grief express, or when in sullen Dumps  
 With Head Incumbent on Expanded Palm,  
 Mooping we sit, in silent sorrow drown'd :  
 Whether Inviegling *Hymen* has trapand  
 Th' unwary Youth, and ty'd the *Gordian* Knot  
 Of jangling Wedlock *Indissoluble* ;  
 Worried all Day by loud *Xantippes* Din,  
 And when the gentle Dew of sleep inclines  
 With slumbrous Weight his Eye-lids She inflam'd  
 With Uncloy'd Lust, and Itch Insatiable,  
 His Stock exhausted, still yells on for more ;



Nor fails She to exalt him to the Stars,  
 And fix him there among the Branched row  
 ( *Taurus*, and *Aries*, and *Capricorn*, )  
 The greatest Monster of the *Zodiac*;  
 Or for the loss of Anxious Worldly Pelf,  
 Or *Celia's* scornful flights, and cold disdain  
 Had check'd his Am'rous flame with coy repulse;  
 The worst Events that mortals can befall;  
 By cares depress'd in pensive *Hypocrite* mood,  
 With slowest pace, the tedious minutes Roll.

Thy charming sight, but much more charming  
 ( *Gust*

New Life incites, and warms our chilly Blood,  
 Strait with pert Looks, we raise our drooping Fronts,  
 And pour in Chrystal pure, thy purer Juice,  
 With chearful Countenance, and steady Hand  
 Raise it Lip-high, then fix the spacious Rim  
 T' expecting Mouth, and now with Grateful Taste;  
 The ebbing Wine glides swiftly o're the Tongue,  
 The circling Blood with quicker motion flies;  
 Such is thy pow'rful influence, thou strait  
 Dispell'st those Clouds that lowring dark eclips'd  
 The whilom Glories of our gladfom Face,  
 And dimpled Cheeks, and sparkling rolling Eyes,  
 Thy chearing Virtues, and thy worth proclaim.

So *Mists* and *Exhalations* that arise  
 From Hills or *Stetmy* Lake, Dusky or Gray  
 Prevail, till *Phæbe* sheds *Titanian* Rays,  
 And paints their Fleecy Skirts with shining Gold,  
 Unable to resist the Foggy Damps  
 That veild the Surface of the verdant Fields,  
 At the Gods penetrating Beams disperse:  
 The Earth again in former Beauty smiles,  
 In gaudiest Livery dress'd, all Gay and Clear.

When disappointed *Strepson* meets Repulse,  
 Scoffs at, despis'd, in melancholic mood  
 Joyless he waits in sighs the lazy Hours,  
 Till Reinforc'd by thy Almighty Aid,  
 He Storms the Breach, and wins the Beauteous Fort.

To pay thee Homage, and receive thy Blessings,  
 The *British* Marriner quits native shore,  
 And ventures through the tractless vast Abyfs,  
 Plowing the Ocean, whilst the *Uphew'd* Oak  
 With beaked Prow, Rides tilting ore the Waves,  
 Shockt by Tempestuous jarring Winds she Rolls  
 In dangers Imminent, till she arrives  
 At those blest *Climes*, thou favourst with thy pre-  
 (fence,

Whether, at *Lusitanian* sultry Coasts,  
 Or lofty *Teneriff*, *Palma*, *Ferro*,  
*Provence*, Or at the *Celtiberian* Shores;

With



With gazing Pleasure and Astonishment  
 At *Paradise*, (Sear of our antient fire,)  
 He thinks himself arriv'd, the Purple Grape  
 In largest Clusters Pendant, grace the Vine  
 Innumeros, in Fields *Grotesque* and *Wild*  
 They with Implicit Carles the Oak entwine,  
 And load with Fruit Divine her spreading Boughs;  
 Sight most delicious, not an Inksom Thought,  
 Or of left native *Isle*, or absent Friends,  
 Or dearest Wife, or tender sucking Babe,  
 His kindly treach'rous mem'ry now presents;  
 The Jovial God has left no room for Cares;

*Celestial* Liquor, thou that didst inspire  
*Maro* and *Flaccus*, and the *Grecian* Bard,  
 With lofty Numbers, and Heroic strains  
 Unparalell'd, with Eloquence profound,  
 And Arguments Convincive didst enforce  
 Fam'd *Tully*, and *Demosthenes* Renown'd;  
*Ennius* first fam'd in *Latin* Song, in vain  
 Drew *Heliconian* Streams, Ungrateful whet  
 To Jaded Muse, and oft with vain attempt  
 Heroic Acts in Flagging Numbers dull  
 With pains essay'd, but abject still and low,  
 His *Unrecruited* Muse could never reach  
 The mighty Theme, till from the Purple Font

Of bright ~~Lava~~ fire, Her barren drought;  
 He quench'd, (and with inspiring Nect'rous Juice  
 Her drooping Spirits cheer'd, aloft the towers  
 Born on still ~~Peaks~~, and of Wars alarms,  
 And Trophies won, in loftiest Numbers sings:  
 'Tis thou the Hero's breast to Marial Acts,  
 And resolution bold, and ardour brave  
 Excit'st, thou check'st Inglorious dolling ease,  
 And sluggish minds with gen'rous fires inflam'st,  
 O thou, that first my quickned Soul engag'd,  
 Still with thy Aid assist me, What is dark  
 Illumin, What is low raise and support,  
 That to the height of this great Argument,  
 Thy Universal Sway o're all the World,  
 In everlasting Numbers, like the Theme  
 I may record, and sing thy matchless Worth.

Had the ~~Odonian~~ Bard thy Praise rehears'd,  
 His Muse had yet retain'd her wonted height;  
 Such as of late o're ~~Blenheim's~~ Field she soar'd  
 Aerial, now in ~~Ariconian~~ Bogs  
 She lies Inglorious floundring like her Theme  
 Languid and Faint, and on damp Wing immerg'd  
 In acid Juice, in vain attempts to rise.

With



With what sublimest Joy from noisy Town,  
 At Rural Seat, *Lutetia* retir'd,  
*Flaccus*, untainted by perplexing Cares,  
 Where the white *Poplar*, and the lofty *Pine*  
 Join Neighbouring Boughs, sweet Hospitable shade  
 Creating, from *Phœbean* Rays secure,  
 A cool Retreat, with few well chosen Friends  
 On flowry Mead Recumbent, spent the Hours  
 In Mirth Innocuous, and Alternate Verse!  
 With Roses Interwoven, *Poplar* wreaths  
 Their Temples bind, dress of *Sylvestrian* Gods;  
 Choicest *Nectarian* Juice Crown'd largest Bowls,  
 And overlook'd the lid, alluring sight,  
 Of fragrant Scent, attractive, tast Divine!  
 Whether from *Formian* Grape depress'd, *Fulcrum*  
 Or *Setin*, *Massic*, *Gauran* or *Sabine*,  
*Lesbian* or *Cacuban*, the cheering Bowl  
 Mov'd briskly round, and spur'd their heightned  
 (Wit  
 To sing *Mecænas* praise their Patron kind.

But we, not as our *Pristin* fires repair  
 T' *umbrageous* Grot or Vale, but when the Sun  
 Faintly from Western Skies his Rays oblique  
 Darts flopping, and to *Thetis* watty Lap  
 Hastens in prone Career, with Friends Select  
 Swiftly we hie to Devil Young or Old

Jocund

Jocund and Boon, where at the entrance stands  
 A Stripling, who with Scrapes and *Humil* Cringe,  
 Greet us in winning Speech and Accent Bland;  
 With lightest bound, and safe unerring step  
 He skips before, and nimbly climbs the Stairs:  
*Adelampus* thus, panting with lolling Tongue,  
 And wagging Tail, Gambloes, and frisks before  
 His sequel Lord from pensive Walk return'd,  
 Whether in Shady Wood, or Pastures Green,  
 And waits his coming at the well known Gate.  
 Nigh to the Stairs ascent, in regal Port  
 Sits a *Majestick* Dame, whose looks denounce  
 Command and *Sov'reignty*, with haughty Air,  
 And *Studied* Mien, in *Semicirc'lar* Throne  
 Enclos'd, she deals around her dread Commands,  
 Behind her (*Dazling* *figs*) in order Rang'd,  
 Pile above Pile *Chrystallin* Vessels shine;  
 Attendant Slaves with eager stride advance,  
 And after Homage paid, bawl out aloud  
 Words Unintelligible, noise confus'd:  
 She knows the *Jargon* Sound, and strait describes  
 In Characters *Myfterious* Words obscure;  
 More legible are *Algebraic* Signs,  
 Or *Mystic* Figures by *Magicians* drawn,  
 When they Invoke aid *Diabolical*.

Drive



Drive hence the Rude and Barb'rous Dissonance  
 Of Savage *Thracians*, and *Croatian* Boors,  
 The loud *Centaurian* Broiles with *Lapithæ*  
 Sound harsh, and grating to *Lenean* God:  
 Chase brutal Feuds of *Belgian* skippers hence,  
 ( Amid their Cups, whose Innate Tempers shown )  
 In clumsy Fist wielding *Seymetrian* Knife,  
 Who slash each others Eyes, and Blubber'd Face,  
 Prophaning *Bacchanalian* solemn Rites:  
*Musicks* Harmonious Numbers better suit  
 His Festivals, from Instrument or Voice,  
 Or *Gasperini's* Hand the trembling string  
 Should touch, or from the *Tuscan* Dames,  
 Or warbling *Tofts* more soft Melodious Tongue  
 Sweet Symponies should flow, the *Delian* God  
 For Airy *Bacchus* is Associate meet.

The Stairs Ascent now gain'd, our Guide unbars  
 The Door of Spacious Room, and creaking Chairs  
 ( To ear offensive ) round the Table sets,  
 We sit, when thus his Florid Speech begins:  
 Name, Sirs, the *W I N E* that most invites your  
 ( Taste,  
*Champaign* or *Burgundy*, or *Florence* pure,  
 Or *Hoc* Antique, or *Lisbon* New or Old,  
*Bordeaux*, or neat *French* White, or *Alicant* :

For

For *Bourdeaux* we with Voice Unanimous  
 Declare, (such Sympathy's in Boon *Compeers*.)  
 He quits the Room *Alert*, but soon returns,  
 One hand Capacious glist'ring Vessels bore  
 Resplendant, th' other with a grasp secure,  
 A Bottle (mightry charge) upstaid, full Fraught  
 With goodly Wine, *He* with extended Hand  
 Rais'd high, pours forth the Sanguin frothy Juice,  
 O'respred with Bubbles, dissipated soon:  
 We strait t' our Arms repair, experienc'd Chiefs;  
 Now Glasses clash with Glasses, (Charming Sound,)  
 And Glorious *ANNA*'s Health the first the best  
 Crowns the full Glas, at Her inspiring Name  
 The sprightly Wine Results, and seems to Smile,  
 With hearty Zeal, and with Unanimous  
 The Health we drink, and in her Health our own.

A Pause ensues, and now with grateful Chat  
 W<sup>t</sup> improve the Interval, and Joyous Mirth  
 Engages our rais'd Souls, Pat Repartee,  
 Or Witty Joke our airy Senses moves  
 To pleasant Laughter, strait the Ecchoing Room  
 With Universal Peals and Shouts resounds.

The *Royal Dane*, blest Consort of the blest *QUEEN*,  
 Next Crowns the Rubied Nectar, all whose Bliss



In *ANNA*'s place, with Sympathetic Flame,  
 And Mutual Endearments, all her Joys,  
 Like the kind Turtles pure untainted Love,  
 Center in Him, who shares the grateful Hearts.  
 Of Loyal Subjects, with his Sov'reign *QUEEN*,  
 For by his Prudent Care, united shores  
 Were sav'd from Hostile Fleets Invasion dire.

The Hero *Malbro* next, whose vast Exploits  
 Fames Clarion sounds, fresh Laurels, Triumphs new  
 We wish, like those he won at *Hockley's* Field.

Next *Devonshire* Illustrious, who from Race  
 Of Noblest Patriots sprung, whose Soul's endow'd,  
 And is with ev'ry Vertuous gift Adorn'd  
 That shon in his most worthy Ancestors,  
 For then distinct in sep'rate Breasts were seen  
 Virtues distinct, but all in him unite.

Prudent *Godolphin*, of the Nations weal  
 Frugal, but free and gen'rous of his own.

Next *Crown* the Bowl, with Faithful *Sunderland*,  
 And *Halifax*, the Muses darling Song,

In whom Conspicuous, with full Lustre shine

The surest Judgment, and the brightest Wit,

Himself *Mecenas* and a *Flaccus* too,

In And all the Worthies of the *British* Realm

In order rang'd succeeded, Healths that ting'd  
The *Dulcet* Wine with a more charming Gust.

Now each the Mistress by whose scorching Eyes  
Fir'd, toasts *Cosmelia* Fair, or *Dulcibella*,  
Or *Sylvia* Comely Black with jetty Eyes  
Piercing, or Airy *Celia* sprightly Maid.  
Insensibly thus flow *Unnumber'd* Hours ;  
Glass succeeds Glass, till the *Dircean* God  
Shines in our Eyes, and with his Fulgent Rays  
Enlightens our glad Looks with lovely *Die* ;  
All Blithe and Jolly that like *Arthur's* Knights  
Of Rotund Table, Fam'd in Prist'rin Records,  
Now most we seem'd, such is the Power of Wine.

Thus we the winged Hours in harmless Mirth,  
And Joys Unfully'd pass, till Humid Night  
Has half her Race perform'd, now all abroad  
Is hush'd and silent, nor the Rumbling Noise  
Of Coach or Cart, or smoaky Link-Boys call  
Is heard ; but Universal Silence Reigns :  
When we in Merry Plight, Airy and Gay,  
Surpriz'd to find the Hours so swiftly fly,  
With hasty knock, or Twang of Pendant Cord  
Alarm the Drowsy Youth from slumb'ring Nod ;  
Startled he flies, and stumbles o're the Stairs  
Erroneous, and with busie Knuckles plies.



His yet clung Eyelids, and with stagging Reel  
Enters Confus'd, and Mutt'ring asks our Wills;  
When we with Lib'ral Hand the Score discharge,  
And Homeward each his Course with steady step  
Unerring steer'd of Cares and Coin bereft.

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*FINIS.*

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His receding Eyelids and withstanding Reel  
Enters Gondard, and Munging asks our Wills  
When we with Liberal Hand the Score discharge,  
And homeward each his home with ready step  
Hecting fleet of Cars and Coils betide.

F I W I S